



# THE PENDULUM

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CANTON HIGH SCHOOL  
JANUARY 1902

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# THE PENDULUM

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### EDITORIALS.

#### Guilty!

THE PENDULUM, it seems, has very grave charges to answer. On all sides complaints and reproaches are heard. It has done those things which it should not have done, and has left undone all those numerous things which it should have done.

The other day the poor, much-abused PENDULUM had a Sympathetic Listener, to whom it told a sad story, which, if the listener interpreted the tic-tacs correctly, went something like this:

"One afternoon, it was the day after my December number came out, a young lady burst suddenly into my presence and reproachfully cried, 'Oh, how could you overlook that awful mistake? The idea of allowing 'I laid down' to be printed in that story,' and the young lady waxed indignant. 'People will think we don't know any better. And *Esori* and a *surly erat* and a *rambling train*; it was dreadful!' 'Of course,' ticked THE PENDULUM slowly, 'this was very distressing, but I

said that I was very sorry about it, and that I would take all the blame because I had over-looked it when I read the proof-sheet over, as I was behind time. This didn't seem to satisfy her at all. She continued angrily, 'And after all that talk you put in about grammar and correct speaking. Didn't you ever hear that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones?' I felt badly, but didn't offer any explanations, (you know I do live in a glass house) so the young lady departed with a disgusted look.

THE PENDULUM ticked more slowly and reminiscently. The Sympathetic Listener ventured to remark, "Was that all?" "Oh, no," he went on with a cracked sigh. "Just as that authoress flounced out, in came a pert little miss and perched herself on a desk before me. 'Well,' she said, 'you're a *pretty paper*.' 'Yes?' I began. 'Yes,' she continued. 'A Christmas number without a single Christmas story, without a single mention of Christmas, and not even wishing your readers a merry Christmas! Yes, you're a *pretty paper*!' And out she went."

THE PENDULUM ticked louder and burst out, "Oh, but I was mad! Do you know I had half a mind to go on a strike, and I would have, too, if it hadn't been for one thing." The Sympathetic Listener politely asked, "What's that?" "Oh," sighed THE PENDULUM, "it was only twenty minutes of three, so of course I couldn't strike." Then he hastily added, "You know, of course, I never do strike. I'm peaceful and meek as a rule, but, oh dear, it's very hard indeed for one pair of hands to do it all." The ticks came slowly and mournfully. "I suppose I ought to make amends somehow, but I don't know what I can do except to apologize very humbly and promise not to do it again. And if I didn't wish all my readers a merry Christ-

Jan 1902

mas, at least, although it's a little late"—the ticks grew cheerful—"I'll begin by wishing them all a Happy New Year."



A propos of speaking good English, here are some things that a little book on the subject says to remember :

*Remember* not to omit unaccented syllables in such words as history (histry), arithmetic (rithmtic), boisterous (boistrous), interest (intrest), valuable (valuble), victory (viety).

*Remember* not to say *unt* for *ent* in such words as government, moment, prudent, monument.

*Remember* not to say *id* for *ed* in such words as delighted, excited, united.

*Remember* not to say *in* for *ing* in such words as singing, reading, writing.

*Remember* not to say *iss* for *ess* in such words as goodness, careless, hostess, empress.

*Remember* not to say *unce* for *ence* in such words as sentence, patience, experience.

Why can't THE PENDULUM help along the cause as suggested in last month's issue? If you would all take an interest in the matter and offer suggestions that you think might help, how much good it might do! Not only High School scholars, but all other readers of the paper are invited to contribute such articles and remarks as will impress upon us the importance of giving heed unto our speech.



A very interesting letter has been received from Alston D. Morse of the class of '98, now in Ellis, Idaho, acknowledging the receipt of THE PENDULUM. He says :

"I cannot say too much for it, nor praise the fellows and girls too much either." Speaking of "Our First Month in Montana," he says: "I think I must be even farther from civilization than 'S. P. L., '05,' who speaks of Montana in the paper. I am eighty miles from the nearest railroad and twenty-one miles from the nearest town, and have been a week at a time when I haven't seen a person."

### Why the Pilgrims Came to America.

The sailing of the Mayflower from Plymouth to New England, in 1620, was one of those epoch-making events in history, which are at once the fruit of the past and the seed of the future. The hundred exiles, who in simple heroic fashion crossed the Atlantic in their little barque of a hundred and eighty tons, while merely aiming at freedom of worship for themselves and their children, were really bringing to issue the long and resolute struggle of centuries. We can see now that they were almost unconsciously pointing the way to a broader, freer life for the English-speaking people on both sides of the sea. For the time in which they lived was a time of transition. In the Tudor days, only recently ended, England had been under the personal government of monarchs who, though not uninfluenced by the opinion of their people, were yet practically absolute and irresponsible. Other forces, however, were now coming into play, and the nation was to make its way to a fuller life as a community of free, self-governing men. This transition from mediaeval to modern life was brought about by the combined action of religious enthusiasm with the spirit of personal independence.

The modern movement of government was the offspring of the Reformation. For the two principles by which the power of Rome was assailed were, free inquiry as opposed to the absolute authority of the church, and the universal priesthood of all believing men as opposed to that of a clerical caste of priests. When these two principles came to be applied, they proved to be farther reaching than even their own advocates realized at first. The principle of free inquiry turned out to mean more than the mere right of the laity to read the Bible for themselves; it meant the right of free and independent search in every department of human thought and life; and the universal priesthood of believers signifying, as it did, the power of

the people in the government of the church, carried with it also, the principle of the sovereignty of the people in the government of the state.

In England, democracy came into conflict with the aristocratic forces of the time, and was for a long time defeated in its struggle against ancient laws and institutions; but carried across the Atlantic by the Pilgrim Fathers, it here found fresh soil in which to spread its roots freely, and grew vigorously. American self-government was not suddenly born of the Declaration of Independence. For a century and a half the ideas and political habits from which its strength was drawn had been gradually developed. It really sprang from the organization which the Pilgrim Fathers gave to the first colony, an organization which determined the shape and character of the state constitutions which followed.

Steady and stifling as had been the pressure of the priestly system of Rome, it had never quite succeeded in crushing out all aspirations for liberty, or all strenuous endeavor toward a purer faith. Again and again there were those who freed themselves from ecclesiastical bondage, and set forth in search of the true fountains of life. It is as a continuation of this honored succession, that the Pilgrim Fathers of New England take their rightful place.

The earliest pioneers of independent thought with whom we meet in England are thirty weavers in the diocese of Worcester, who were summoned before the council of Oxford as far back as A.D. 1165. When these people were under examination, they answered that they were Christians, and revered the teachings of the Apostles. They were, however, condemned, scourged, and branded as heretics, and then driven out of the city. Henry II at the Assize of Clarendon forbade any one to receive any of the sect of the renegades who had been excommunicated at Oxford; he also caused an oath to be

taken by all the sheriffs that they would see to the execution of these commands, and that all his officers and barons, together with all the knights and free-holders, should be sworn to the same effect. It thus appears that the opinions of these people were not confined to the diocese of Worcester, but were widely sympathized with elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

For the next century and a half the seed grew secretly and silently, until in the fourteenth century we find much of our literature confined to the subject of religious freedom, and even Chaucer's voice was one of freedom and of hostility to the priestly system of the church.

But if to any one man more than another we may trace the origin of the Free Church influences most potent in our modern life, that one man was John Wycliff. He and his followers were the first to carry out a definitely organized movement in the way of ecclesiastical reform. He believed that the official clergy alone are not the church; that the temple of God is the congregation of just men for whom Jesus shed His blood. Wycliff was put to death in 1384 as a heretic, and between that time and 1466 more than a hundred and twenty persons were burned in England for heresy.

For a long time before the Reformation many private gatherings were secretly held by the Free-worshippers, as they called themselves, and even after the Reformation had come in, being but a halting measure, it did not put an end to separate gatherings. In the reactionary days of Queen Mary, which came in 1553, the Separatists, as they were called, appear to have increased rapidly in numbers and influence.

The churches of England as a whole were in a pitiable state. In the reign of Edward VI, many of the nobility had come into possession of monastic lands with the understanding that they should continue the payment of life pensions to the

monks who were dispossessed. In order to rid themselves of this liability and get these men off their hands, they presented them with the livings they happened to have in their gift, and, in this way, men were introduced to the sacred office who were ignorant and altogether unfit for the discharge of its duties. These monks, thus suddenly called upon to fill positions to which they were not accustomed, did not preach simply because they could not. It came about in this way that in many parishes there were churches where there had not been a sermon for years. Some churches had neither parson, vicar, nor curate. There were places where men had preached in Queen Mary's days, but who did not and would not preach in Elizabeth's time, and yet had kept their livings. It was in days like these, that the early Congregationalists raised their testimony on behalf of what they held to be a more scriptural faith and policy than prevailed in the National Church. They were divided into three groups, each group being determined by the localities in which they carried on their operations. Thus we have those in Eastern England, those in London, and finally those in the churches at Scroobey and Gainsborough, from whom the Pilgrim Fathers originally came.

When the Pilgrim Fathers of New England founded Plymouth Colony, they did so as a federal body bound together by a solemn, social compact, and not as separate emigrants drawn by mere accident to the same settlement. This special character of the colony, which had important political results in after time, may be explained by the fact that its founders had been in fellowship in the same Christian community in the Old World just before they became colonists in the New. The Covenant of Citizenship, signed on board the Mayflower, in 1620, really had its origin in that "Covenant of the Lord," which "as the Lord's free people" the members of the church solemnly made at Scroobey.

The Church, thus founded by covenant, began in a scattered rural district, remote from the great centers of population. What is also remarkable, is that this church flourished in a region where a generation or two before the people had risen in revolt against Protestantism and in favor of retaining Roman Catholicism as the religion of the National Church. It was only by hard work and untiring effort that the preachers had produced such enduring results. The four most prominent leaders of the Pilgrims were Wm. Brewster, John Robinson, Rich'd Clifton and John Smyth.

Richard Clifton was the rector of Babworth, a town near Scroobey, and was a grave and reverend preacher, who by his pains and diligence did much good work. He was among those who was exiled to Holland, and there is a touch of filial affection in the manner in which William Bradford speaks of him. He says: "He was a grave and fatherly old man when he first came into Holland, having a great white beard; and pity it is that such a reverend old man should be forced to leave his country and, at those years, to go into exile. But it was his lot, and he bore it patiently. Much good had he done in the country where he lived, having converted many to God by his faithful and painful ministry, both in preaching and catechizing."

The Puritan feeling, thus fostered by many of the clergy themselves, took actual shape in the formation of a Separatist community, first of all in the town of Gainsborough in the year 1602. The pastor of this church was John Smyth. He was an eminent man and of fervent soul, following the truth wherever it seemed to lead him, but somewhat extreme and unstable. When driven from Gainsborough into exile, Smyth practised as a physician in Amsterdam, usually, however, taking nothing from the poorer people. He was a kind-hearted man; and was well-beloved of most men, and hated by none except a few of the English nation.

John Robinson began life as a Christian minister somewhere in the county of Norfolk, but, from the first, he had trouble with the vestments and ceremonies insisted upon in the church. Troubles led to suspension of clerical functions, and suspension to separation, and Robinson became pastor of a Congregational church in Norwich. As both Robinson and many in his congregation were harassed by fines and imprisonment, he eventually found it necessary to seek asylum and service elsewhere.

Thus remorselessly hunted down by the legal representatives of Christ's gospel of love, and seeing how little hope there was of peaceable living in their own land, the brethren at last, by joint consent, resolved to cross the sea to Holland, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men. Others had preceded them. The persecuted brethren in London and their former neighbors and fellow worshippers at Gainsborough had already found peaceable settlement at Amsterdam, and the number of exiles for conscience sake was continually being increased by arrivals from most of the counties of England. In the autumn of 1607, they therefore resolved to go over into the Low Countries as best they could. They felt the decision to be fateful and momentous.

It was thought marvelous by many that they should leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintances, to go into a country they only knew by hearsay, where they would have to learn a new language and get their living they knew not how, and that, too, in a land too often desolated by war; this was by many, thought an adventure almost desperate and a misery worse than death. The necessity was all the harder, inasmuch as they had only been accustomed to a plain country life and the simple occupation of husbandry, and were entirely unacquainted with such trade and traffic as that by which the land to which they were

going mainly subsisted. But though these things troubled them, they did not dismay them, for their desires were set on the ways of God and the enjoyment of His ordinances. They therefore rested on His providence, and knew whom they had believed.

A. M. F., '02.

### Teddy.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAT.

I am now about ten years old, a large tiger cat weighing fifteen and a half pounds, and praised by every one who sees me for my beauty. My mother was also a tiger cat, and was named "Beauty." I resemble her, but I am told I am much handsomer.

About the first thing I remember is a very dark place, which I afterwards learned was the cellar, and here my mother, brother, sister and I lived for some time. My sister was the smallest of us all. She looked very much like my mother. She was timid and cried a great deal, because of which she was called by my mistress, Baby or Tot. Tom, my brother, was black and white and not very pretty. My name is Teddy, after a friend of mine, not after the President, as one might think. We were often called the three T's.

Sometimes we were taken up stairs to be shown to my mistress's friends. One day my mother became ambitious, and coaxed us to climb the cellar stairs. My brother and sister became discouraged, but I persevered and succeeded, and it was from this act that I gained the good home which I have, for when I reached the door my mistress met me and, instead of scolding, she praised me, saying I was the smartest of them all and should remain with them.

Tom was given away, but he was unfortunate and died when quite young. Tot won a good home, and was much loved. After they left, my mother died, but I was not lonely as a large maltese cat named

Bobby Bright, who was the pet of the family before I came, took me under his protection. In Spite of his protection, I managed to get into trouble occasionally, as youngsters will. I was always very inquisitive, and got into sticky fly-paper a number of times. Then when older, one night, seeing in the distance what seemed to be one of my feline acquaintances, I encountered "Sir Mephitis" on one of his nightly maraudings, and found too late that "appearances are deceitful." When I reached home, they would not allow me in the house, and I had to stay in the cellar all night. The next day they rubbed kerosene oil on me, for the milkman told them that would destroy the odor. Oh, how it burned! I lost all the fur on one side and was a frightful looking object for some time, but I will add here that although the operation was very painful, the kerosene proved a good hair restorer, for now I have a most luxuriant coat.

Well, Bobby and I lived together quite happily until the advent of a yellow kitten named Brownie. To tell the truth, he was a smart kitten and won our secret admiration, and at last we were able to endure him. However, one day he died, and I must say we felt much more contented. Our satisfaction was not to last, it seemed. Two more yellow kittens came to keep us company, "Dandelion and Daffodil," called "Dandy" and "Daffy." They died mysteriously.

Poor Bobby now became "rheumatically." What could you expect? He was getting quite old, being nearly seventeen. To put an end to his miseries, it was thought best to kill him, and so I was left alone. But not for long, alas! More yellow kittens came; one called Pinky for his pink nose, the other Goldy for his bright color. Strange to say, they did not live long either, and (would you believe it?) I was accused of knowing the cause of their deaths. I will not say whether I am guilty or not. But I know I taught them to catch moles.

Time now passed pleasantly and quickly. I recall only one event of unusual importance—I had my picture taken. One sunny day they placed me on a gaily decorated box, and told me to look at some sort of a machine that was put in front of me. But I was frisky and would not remain quiet until one of the young ladies of the family suggested catnip, which had such a soothing effect on me that I contentedly assumed the desired position, and when told by the photographer to look pleasant, assumed a most agreeable expression. In a second, the dreaded ordeal was over.

For about two years I have enjoyed being monarch of the house, but now my peace is again disturbed by the advent of the sixth yellow kitten. I do not know whether I shall be driven early to my grave by his pranks or live to a good old age. If he would only come to a mysterious end like the others! Perhaps he will. What I don't understand is why my folks want yellow kittens when they have a great handsome tiger like me.

M. R. O., '03.

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#### A Saturday at Wheaton.

"How do we pass our time at boarding school?" you ask. Well, this is how one day goes.

In the morning at seven o'clock, we are awakened by the ringing of a huge electric gong which echoes and re-echoes through the long corridors. We rise in all haste and after a plunge into a cold bath, make our toilets for breakfast.

At twenty-five minutes past seven a warning bell is rung, and then at half past we hasten down stairs to the dining-room, greeting every one on the way.

On entering the dining room, each girl silently takes her place behind her chair, but remains standing until the Principal has said grace; then all begin breakfast. Nothing is gained by hurrying for even those who have finished their breakfast have to wait patiently for the "table-teacher" to finish hers, when all the girls,

who sit at her table, are dismissed together.

We immediately scramble off up stairs to make our beds and put our rooms in order; and then, if there is time, we take a short walk down "Apple Tree Row" before school at half past eight.

When we hear the great bell on Chapin Hall begin to toll, we hurry in for the morning "devotions." After "devotions" we search anxiously for our "corridor-teacher," hoping to receive a letter from home, as this is the time for distributing mail. Then each goes to her respective recitation room, and the lessons for the day are begun.

At quarter past twelve, just as the pangs of hunger are beginning to be felt, the lunch bell rings, and books are packed in haste. One is always glad when Saturday noon comes, for on that day there are baked beans and brown bread, with (very sour) plum preserves for dessert.

After lunch, we prepare for an afternoon drive or other amusement, unless one belongs to a basket-ball team, in which case one is notified by her captain to be on the field at a certain time. Then one must hastily array herself in a sweater and bloomers, and rush off to the field for practice. One plays basket-ball until, as sometimes happens, one becomes so disabled that it becomes impossible to play any more. Then one is carried to one's room and carefully attended to by her "corridor-teacher;" being plastered and bandaged as she may deem necessary and directed to remain in bed until one feels better. After all this attention it seems rather wicked to scramble across the tin roofing to some friend's room (against the rules, you know), where one whiles the time away making cocoa or fudge, or feasting upon the delicacies brought to light from some "box from home."

At four o'clock, we must begin to dress for school at half past. One is horrified upon entering the Algebra room, to find that the class has already begun to recite,

but one apologizes and proceeds to make up for lost time.

At half past five, school closes and a half hour is given to dress for the evening lecture. Then comes dinner, with ice cream for dessert.

Dinner having been hastily eaten, there is a grand rush for the Gymnasium, where we dance until the lecturer arrives.

For the rest of the evening we are lectured to until nearly every one falls asleep. At a quarter of ten an electric gong obliges the lecturer to release his victims, for at ten o'clock all lights must be out and everyone in bed. As one does not feel much like attending the usual "spread" on Saturday night, one gladly creeps into bed, thankful that the next day is Sunday.

E. D. H., '05.

### Pranks of a Boy.

It was a cold blustering evening in December, and the snow whirled and danced in the air. Had you been in the village store in the town of S—, you would have seen a group of men assembled around the stove. In the best seat was an old, gray-haired man, with ruddy cheeks and bright eyes. His countenance indicated a frank, honest nature, and a generous heart. He was called Uncle Jerry by the people of the village and was a favorite with all. He seldom missed an evening at the village store, where he sat and told stories about his boyhood days until nine o'clock. The other men sat around him on barrels, boxes, and the counter, talking, laughing, and leisurely puffing rings of smoke toward the ceiling. So he began this evening:

"I spent most of my life in the country and went to a small district school with but one room. In the middle of the room was a large wood stove. Half of the time it was hot enough to roast you and the other half cold enough to freeze you. There were five or six of us boys who went together. Perhaps we weren't the best of boys at all times but we weren't such a bad gang, after all.

"Once we filled a brass tube with gunpowder, and put it in the stove. We waited a while and, hearing nothing, thought it had gone off with a very slight explosion, when suddenly it exploded with a bang and blew the stove lifter three or four feet into the air. Well, that scared us just a little, but lucky for us, the teacher didn't tell the superintendent, and you can guess that we didn't put any more powder in the stove.

"Another time, three of us boys were at a pit in which two men were digging gravel for the roads. One was a foolish fellow and we were always trying to plague him. This day we took a rope and tied a sod to it; then we lowered it down from the top of the pit. All we intended to do was to catch his pick; but just as his pick hit it, he looked up. The sod broke, and filled his eyes and mouth with dirt. He began to sputter and rub his eyes. Well, we started to run and he after us. We thought we could run pretty fast, but he could run faster. One of the boys hid nearby behind a log, but the other boy and I ran for the woods. Finally we separated and I ran for an old spring house, with the man after me; then changing my mind, I headed for home. I was young and spry and found no trouble in getting through a barbed wire fence, but he got caught by the trousers. Yet, by the time I reached home, he was hardly twenty feet behind me, and I was ready to drop."

"As I am in the business, I'll tell you another scrape I was in, which concerned only my chum and myself. There was a pond back of his house and on it he had a small boat. One day early in the spring—the ice had hardly disappeared—we had been out all the forenoon in the boat. We landed just as the whistle was blowing for twelve o'clock, so we thought we would have time for just one more row. We pushed off and jumped in, but we didn't have our row. The boat capsized, and we were in the water up to our hips. We

went home soaking wet, but none the worse for our bath; probably it was just what we needed."

As he finished this story Uncle Jerry knocked the ashes from his pipe, buttoned up his coat, pulled his hat over his ears, and with a cheerful "Good night, boys," left his warm corner by the stove and set out for home.

W. L., '05.

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### Signs.

Do you believe in "signs?" I think, though few of us are willing to admit it, most of us do to some extent.

If you start anything on Friday, some one is sure to say, "You will never get that finished," and, if you were in my place, you would be tempted to believe it true, for my mother started to make something for me one Friday, about six months ago, and it is not finished yet.

If you walk under a ladder, some say it is bad luck. It certainly is if the painter happens to drop his brush just at that moment.

It means bad luck to stub your left toe, good luck to stub your right. But what if in stabbing your right toe you should get a fall, or with your left strike a piece of money?

You hear it said that if a dog howls it is a sign of death. So it may be. Listen to this little story. Said a dog one day to his companion, "Let's howl under this old man's window. He believes it is a sign of death." Well, he howled, and the "old man" shot him. His companion said, "Poor boy, the sign proved true that time."

Most of us dread the number thirteen. A lady in Canton who used to live at No. 13 W— Street, met with several serious accidents, so serious, in fact, that she was fortunate to escape with her life. One day a friend advised her to remove the number thirteen from her door, which she did, and nothing has happened to her since. The fated train wrecked at Seneca, Michigan, was number thirteen. "Just a

coincidence?" Perhaps. But there are just as many people who believe thirteen brings good luck.

I've heard it said that a certain article of dress worn by a teacher indicates bad humor. I can't say how true this is, in fact, I would not dare if I could, but I will say that when certain teachers are particularly cross, it is a sure sign that they have been out the night before.

We all like to say we don't believe in signs, but when we see a pin, don't most of us stoop to pick it up, with the secret thought, "All the day you'll have good luck?"

S. P. L., '05.

#### The Boston Bag and the Mouse.

I know two ladies who, in travelling, never fail to include in their outfit a little "Boston bag." Do you know why? Here is the story:

The day had been rainy and cold, and now at nightfall a thick mist was settling down over the White Mountains, the Profile House, the lake, and the Old Man—who for ages had looked at his image in the clear water at his feet—wrapping them all in a white blanket. The hotel was brilliantly lighted, and strains of gay music floated out into the night.

Soon the gaiety was hushed, and quiet reigned over the house and its guests—over most of its guests, not all, for in one room trouble was brewing. The two occupants had heard a noise in one corner. They held their breath and listened. Another noise! Then occupant No. 1 jumped on to a chair in fear and trembling. "It's a mouse, it's a mouse; I know it is!" she shrieked, "and I won't get down till you catch it."

A search immediately began. Under chairs and into dark corners No. 2 was obliged to look, but no mouse could she see. Suddenly No. 1, the timid one, saw something run across the room. There was the mouse, surely. But how could they catch him?

They waited in suspense, praying for some miracle to deliver them. After a while they heard a gnawing in the direction of a bag that lay upon the floor, partly closed, having in it a few hard water crackers.

No. 2, the one with the greater supply of courage, crept softly up, quickly shut the bag tight—and mouse was caught. Then with the bag in readiness, they opened the window, and, emptying the mouse out on the piazza roof below, closed it again, with sighs of relief, shuddering to think what might have happened if it had not been for that Boston bag!

C. H. D., '05.

#### The Song of the Raglan.

'Twas a blust'ring winter's day  
When a young wife went away  
From a husband whom she'd asked for cash  
in vain;  
On the table lay a note—  
"I have taken your new coat,"  
And a raglan it is now an'



E. J. H., '05.

#### Seasonable Suggestions.

VI. "If you would have a faithful servant, and one whom you like, serve yourself."

In other words, if you don't approve of some of the stories in THE PENDULUM, and if you think, as some do, that they are "slow," why not try and write something for the paper yourself? Surely with your own work you can at least be satisfied.

But remember, as Poor Richard says, "Many words won't fill a bushel"—or a paper, either—that is, the sort of paper we want THE PENDULUM to be.

**Rhymes.**

O's for O——y,  
Who is never weary  
From studying lessons too hard.  
For she learns them with ease  
And finds many Cs,  
When she glances at her report card.

D is for D——r,  
No doubt in his slumber  
He's as good as a boy can be.  
But when he's awake,  
Every rule he does break,  
So he *isn't* an angel, you see.

H is for H——t,  
Who, if you but knew it,  
Went way off to Westport last June.  
She had there great times  
Singing nursery rhymes,  
Drinking liniment, too, from a spoon.

R is for R——l,  
Who knows a great deal  
More than anyone else in her class.  
If you want information  
Just have conversation  
With her; she's such a smart lass.

S is for S——d,  
Who has never been ordered  
To "Stop whispering, if you please."  
For he never is bad.  
If he were 'twould be sad.  
In deportment he always get C's.

L. E. R., '03.

**The lament of a pupil in History C.**

"In studying English history  
I never can see why,  
After so many, many reigns,  
It still should be so dry."

**IN SPIRITS.**

Pupil, translating, comes to words "en esprit," and stops.

Teacher (encouragingly)—"Almost the same words in English."

Pupil—"On a spree."

What's the matter with the Boys' Basket Ball Team? They don't seem to be very enthusiastic about going to practice games. Look at the Girls' Team, boys. They practice twice a week, and every player can be relied on to come. The girls don't have to be urged.

A geology pupil asserts that men, dogs and cats are amphibious.

What a good time the Freshmen do have! According to them, or at least to quite a number who sit down front, everything is a huge joke.

Who will volunteer to wake up the class of '04. Why don't they contribute to The Pendulum?

Teacher (in geology)—"And what is peculiar about fishes?"

Pupil—"They breathe through their fins."

**Exchange Notes.**

The Jabberwock is one of our best exchanges. Everything in it seems to be well planned and the articles and stories are well written. The column entitled "Jabberer" is especially good.

Societies in the Malden High School seem to be flourishing. We have two exchanges from them, The Asonian and The Oracle.

Teacher—"James, if I should give you two rabbits and a friend gave you one, how many would you have?"

James—"I would have four rabbits."

T.—"But two and one do not make four."

J.—"I know, sir, but I've got one at home."

From Cæsar—"In another part of the river he left Q. Pedius with six coal hods."

Went to college,  
Joined the eleven,  
Played one game,  
Went to heaven.

The December number of the Roxbury Latin School Tripod consists chiefly of an article on health food and an athletic column. The Tripod generally has some very good stories. Where are they?

Doctor (just arrived)—"What on earth are you holding his nose for?"

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)—"Sure, sir, so the breath can't leave his body."

Lady (giving the gardener a diminutive nip of whiskey)—"Pat, this whiskey is thirty years old."

Pat—"Begorra, thin, it's mighty small for its age."

"This ancient umbrella belonged to my grandfather."

"Ah! One of the shades of your ancestors."

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The faithless column and the crumbling bust."—*Pope*.  
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